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Spirit

VOL. 40. NO. 41.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2040.

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BROKEN TOYS.

I found my baby gut to-day Asleep upon the floor. The space around her little form With playthings scattered o'er.

Her hands were nestled 'neath her chin, And one still firmly held A broken toy, whose novel charm

As yet was undispelled. There lingered still about the mouth And on the brow a trace

Of thought, half grieved and half peoplexed, As it the tiny face Already had begon to learn The look it was to went In years to come. I stooped to kin

Away the mimie care, And as I laid her, still asleep, Within her nest-like bed, and smoothed the cradio's pillow for

The little weary head,

thought how we of larger growin When tired of pains and joys, With that same look, tall fast asleep Amid our broken toya!

And then the Pather, stooping, takes The tired head to his breast, And smooths the furrow from the brow And bears us to our rest. - Howard Glyndon

CONSCIENCE.

Everybody admired the chateau Richemont; at no other spot the shore of the lake curved so gracefully, or the with her hands. trees and shrubbery flourished in such profusion. Paths led up from the water's edge through conservatories, brimming over with rare flowers, whose hardier sisters found a fitting background in the velvety turf; past fountains of many a quaint device, whose father change his mind, Emily spray dashed itself saucily in one's face, "I am afraid not. I found until one reached the broad flight of steps directly before the chateau.

The modern part of the building, arranged for luxurious comfort, contrast-ed charmingly with the grim, half-ruinous old tower at the east end, whose seamed and jagged walls the flaunting Virginia creeper and more sober ivy had hung with a mottled curtain. Little more of the ruin was left exposed than the dim, uncertain sun-dial and the headless statue of some duke of Richemont, who had been dust and ashes for centuries, disputing with the swallows standing-room in his carved niche.

Strangers visiting the place declared that Sir Richard Hildreth and his only daughter Emily must indeed be the happiest of mortals to call such a beau-tiful spot their home; but older residents in the neighborhood knew that the lives of the beautiful young English girl and his cell to absolve me will I feel myself her patrician-looking father were far a free man again.' Is not his agony of

yous had one spectator during the arshot was fired, rushed between the combatants, receiving the discharge in his

had dealt the death-blow, and when he fathers." saw the aged monk lying bleeding on lips for the last time, the young nobleman fled from the scene, his soul filled

with a wild remorse that seemed destined to haunt him to his dving day. Time passed, and Sir Richard Hildreth, instead of growing reconciled to the thought of the melancholy accident at Verona, became more and more haunted with the horror of his supposed crime; he grew gloomy and despondent, and sank into a melancholy over which all who knew him shook their heads, hinting at a touch of hereditary insanity in the Hildreth family. The death of his wife at Richemont seemed to be the finishing blow to his happiness, and from that date his friends

ceased to consider him as one of them-The saddened, world-weary man ordered two rooms to be fitted up for himself in the old tower; the first one a bare, cheerless bedroom, opening diheart of any one that rarely beheld it, In a stone cell, with a vaulted roof, and dim light struggling through one high window, a shrouded figure sat in death like silence day after day and

vear after year, in the coarse brown habit and hempen girdle of a Franciscan monk. The gown concealed only the semblance of a human figure, but the glistening white skull of Fra Giacomo, the monk whom Sir Richard shot in the duel, grinned from under the tattered The eye-sockets were turned cowl. toward the outer room, and a tablet,

fastened overhead. In his disordered state of mind, Sir Richard Hildreth imagined that he might in a measure expiate his crime constant contemplation of the victim of it, so by untiring efforts he procured the skull and habit of Fra Giacomo, and the hideous image was arranged in its stone cell, where it sat from one year's end to another, covered

with dust, and the prey of undisturbed It was Emily Hildreth's twenty-first birthday, and, dressed in a tasteful engaged in filling a basket with tea-white morning-gown, adorned with roses, but she paused in her graceful knots of blue ribben, the color of her occupation to welcome her lover with eyes, she was walking slowly up and the mode of greeting that all the world down the broad terrace before the approves.

She held an open letter in her "Sit down, Emily, I have important hand, and there was a look of pensive news for you," he said, drawing her sadness in her eyes, greatly at variance down beside him on a rustic seat, while with the cheerful congratulations of the

servants. "I thought you would be among the first to bring me a birthday greeting," she said, extending her hand, with a sweet smile, to a young man, who, have given you the first reine margot bounding up the flight of stairs against that has blossomed in the garden this which the girl leaned, seized the proffered hand and pressed it with fervor to

kis lips.

Edmund-Kennedy was tall, dark-eyed the girl's bright eyes, and then, in a few but concise words, told her of his and handsome, with a look of bravery and daring about him which one of Her Majesty's soldiers should have, and the world agreed that in him Emily Hildreth had found a fitting suitor. As Emily withdrew her hand from ber

lover's grasp, she noticed a pure dia-

mond glistening on her first finger.
"Oh, Edmund, I dare not wear it!" she said, anxiously, while tears started to her eyes.
"Why should you not, Emily? I had hoped your twenty-first birthday would be our wedding-day instead of a renewal

"Edmund, I could not sleep last night for thinking of what I felt it my duty to the last request I may make of you. tell you. We must give up this dream Will you speak once more to your father We must give up this dream -delicious as it is; my poor father will to-night? never give his consent to our marriage, and without it I could not be happy

"You have given yourself needless pain, my poor child."
"I only know too well that there is cause for all the anxiety I feel. You are the only son of a friend whem point loved and honored with the love he was once capable of, and he believes it

"Don't speak so, Edmund, please."
"I beg your parden; but, my dear
girl, we must face facts as they are.
Your father's diseased fancy makes him
appear to himself a great criminal,
though any court of justice would declare him perfectly innocent; and in re-fusing to me his daughter—the only woman in the world that I love-he imagines that he is doing me a great kindness in saving me from future disgrace. We have loved each other foully and faithfully ever since we were children, and it is a sin to allow this whim of

your father's to separate us." "Oh, Edmund, papa is not so—so in-sane as you think. He loves me more than ever, and reproaches himself con-stantly for the unhappiness he has caused me. I cannot marry you without his blessing; he would be so lonely, too, if

As Edmund Kennedy watched the girl's tears trickle over the diamond be had placed on her finger, an impatient light flashed in his dark eyes, and he asked, hastily :-

"Is it in human power to make your "I am afraid not. I found him terday praying in the monk's cell, and thinking the occasion favorable, I beg-ged him again—oh, how often I have made the same petition before!-to spare me the pain of a separation from

"And his answer?" "He clasped his hards above his head and said, with a look of utter despair in his eyes, 'While the curse of murder langs over our heads, we must live apart from the rest of the world." "Always harping on the same string," muttered Edmund.

"But the conclusion of his sentence was still more hopeless to me,"
"What was it?" "He said in tones that were impres sive in spite of their lack of meaning, Only when the lifeless figure of Fra Giacomo arises and comes forth from

from happy.

Years ago, while traveling in Italy,
Sir Richard had had a violent quarret
with a Prussian officer, resulting in a
challenge and duel. By an unlucky challenge and duel. By an unlucky will make another attempt to dispose of chance the spot chosen for the rendez the ghastly creature. Fra Giacomo's skull should repose with the remainder rangements for the duel-a gray-haired of his bones instead of haunting the Franciscan monk-who, as the first fatal living with its unwelcome presence. The room is astonishingly difficult of access, and I am not sure of succeeding, but I shall do my best to have the remains of

It was Sir Richard's own hand which Fra Giacomo properly gathered to his "It will only be labor lost, Edmund. the ground pressing his resary to his I advise you not to make the attempt. Excitement of that kind would make

papa more unreasonable than ever, and it could only injure our cause.' "So we are to be allowed to marry each other when the stuffed image of Fra Giacomo arises and gives us his blessing, and in the meantime are to bear our separation with patience and resignation," said Edmund, with an

ironical laugh. But suddenly a look, as of a happy inspiration, gleamed in his eyes.
"What is it, Edmund? Your face tells of some thought that you are hiding from me," said Emily, stealing her

hand into his. Ho opened his lips as if to speak, but on second thoughts murmured only to "It is better that I keep my counsel

while success is so uncertain. A servant announcing breakfast relieved him from the necessity of replyrectly upon what struck terror to the ing to Emily's question, and for the moment the unwelcome subject of Fra Giacomo was dropped.

Capt. Kennedy paced to and fro in his room in evident excitement. An hour before the order had reached him to follow his regiment without delay to a post in India, to disregard which meant a sacrifice of his military career, which had been hitherto so auspicious, leaving him without occupation and interest for

the future. But Emily-he could not leave his heart's darling behind to pine her youth with the words, "Memento mori," was and happiness away in her father's gloomy companionship, and yet her foolishly tender conscience seemed likely to wreck the happiness of them both. No, it should not be; the time had come for the experiment he had resolved to make, and Edmund declared that he would not allow himself to be disheartened. He stepped through the long window opening on the court, and, following a path winding through thriv-

ing fields, soon found himself at Richemont. Emily, the object of his search, was

one arm stole, as if by the merest chance, about her slight waist. "What is it, dear? I am all attention, she said, fastening an exquisite rosebud

year. Francois will think it a great sacrilege. Capt. Kennedy gazed regretfully is Indian appointment, and the worldly ad-

in Edmund's button-hole. "There, I

vantage it would be to him. He again pleaded with all a lover's fervor that Emily would share his fortunes with him in a foreign country, even without her father's consent; but to all his urgent entreaties she made the same answer: "I cannot, Edmund," in tones that were scarcely audible from the unshed tears in her voice.

"Will you, for my sake, make one more trial to soften your father's heart toward us?" "It will be a useless struggle."

"Emily, think well before you refuse

"Oh, Edmund, I believe my heart is breaking! I have no hope, but I will neath the Unitarian church at Quincy. speak to papa when he returns from his The tomb is walled in with large blocks walk at dusk this evening. Perhaps it might do good for you ,to join your en-treaties with mine."

"I shall be there," said Edmund, with a half-mysterious look lurking in his eyes that Emily could not understand. your union with me—the daughter of a mund, that we should have to suffer so murderer!" "Have you been very wicked, Ed-

"Courage, darling; we shall be happy folly; your father's control over you ought to cease, or you, too, will very soon become infected, with his mad "Courage, darling ; we shall be happy ngain soon; but one word more, do not be frightened at anything unusual that may happen to night."

Sir Riebard Hildreth walked slowly lywood cometery, Va., on an eminence up the lime avenue, his eyes fixed on the ground, and an air of languor in every movement. Premature age had set its mark on his lowed shoulders and set its mark on his lowed shoulders and hair sprinkled thickly with white, and be seemed but the melancholy shadow of the once handsome, affable master of plates, suitably inscibed. The whole is surrounded by a sort of Gothic templo— Richemont.

He made his way to the moss-grown doorway of the tower, and turning the key in its rusty lock with considerable difficulty, entered his silent dwelling.

Andrew Jackson was buried in the difficulty, entered his silent dwelling-

"Emily, my child, you alone in this dreary place?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of a white figure sitting eaught sight of a window, with bowed head near the window, Emily, trembling with a nervous chill, molia trees.

Martin Van Buren was buried at Kin Martin Van Buren was buried at Kin Van Was buri dust-covered monk, but drawn by a re- at North Bend, fifteen miles from Cinsistless fascination she had once glanced toward him, and had been frozen with John horror at the thought that the lifeless

seemed to assume additional terrors. Emily, unnerved and excited to the late degree, fell on her knees before her den of the family residence in Nashville, father, and, uplifting her tearful face, Tenn. It is marked by a limestone

cried : "Oh, father, have you quite forgotten your duty to your only child! I am so wretched, and do so long for a little sympathy from you—my present life is sympathy from you—my present life is miserable, and you will not allow me was to be erected, commemorative of his any hope for the future." God forbid that I should be unjust

toward you !" "In another week Edmund will have left me for ever, if I will not promise to be his wife, and yet you know I cannot Franklin Pierce was buried in the Congive this promise without your sanction.
Oh, father, will you not be a little less severe toward yourself—forgive yourself,
James Buchanan's remains lie in the and come among us again, and you will agree with the rest of the world that Pa., in a vault of masonry. The monument is composed of a simple block of Italian marble.

fore us—unhappy child that you are to and bronze. call me father !—and until his hand is Andrew Jo raised in forgiveness I remain a crimi-

Emily shuddered and raised her eyes, when, with a shrick, she sprang to her feet-the menk no longer sat in his accustomed seat, but stood motionless in the doorway. "Father, look!" the girl cried, horrorstricken, until Edmunds's words, "Do

nal."

not be frightened at anything unusual that may happen to-night," recurred to Sir Richard's eves dilated, and he seized his daughter's arm for support. The ghostly figure in its tattered drapery came slowly a few paces forward, and, with uplifted hand, said, in sepul-

art forgiven.) "Oh, my God !" murmured the whitehaired barenet, as he sank on his knees. and then fell forward, senseless. "Help! help? He has fainted!" cried Emily, flying toward the door. "Emily, come back. I have everything ready for such an emergency.

chral tones, "Tu sei perdonato." (Thou

well-known voice, and Edmund Kennedy, letting fall to the ground with a gesture of disgust the moth-eaten cowl and habit of Fra Giacomo, tenderly raised Sir Richard and laid him on his hard "Edmund, how had you the courage to

attempt such a ghastly masquerade?" Emily asked, wonderingly.
"Circamstances drove me to it. Nothing short of the supernatural could convince your father that he was mistaken about himself, so I thought I would perform the duty that was expected of Fra Giacomo. I induced your father to prolong his walk this evening by telling him of the altered aspect of the lakeshore near F - , and in his absence I changed places with our worthy brother, giving his skull an honorable position on my writing-desk, and investing myself paper. his somewhat imperfect garments. I

dislodged vast colonies of moths and spiders, and did not altogether enjoy my esition, but I thought a shock of this kind would have a good effect on your father and was willing to suffer much in

the attempt. "But why did you not tell me of your plan ?" "I was afraid you would not be able to keep the secret; or, rather, you are not actress enough to properly feign astonishment. See, you father is recov-

ering under the effect of this restorative! I will close the door of the ill-fated cell, and leave you alone with him." Capt. Kennedy's hardy venture was crowned with all the success he had de-When, after a low, nervous fever, Sir Richard again awakened to con-sciousness, he called his daughter to his edside, and, taking her hand said :-

"Emily, a voice from the spirit-land has taken a great load from my heart, and I feel that I need no longer refuse you the request that you have so often made. My stay in this world is almost at an end, and before I go I would like to see you the wife of Edmund Kennedy.

Emily felt a guilty pang at her father's

simple faith in her lover's hoax, but she also felt that it would be a sin to destroy the delusion that afforded the sinking man so much comfort. Before the summer was over, Emily Hildreth was an orphan, but Edmund was there to comfort her, and in the autumn they were quietly married in Sentral railroad numbered 4, 14, 177, the little village church.

commission to Milan to inquire into the advantages of being cremated on the the Mont Cenis forts to be armed.

The Japanese government has sent

PRESIDENTIAL TOMBS.

The body of George Washington is esting in a brick vault at Mount Vernon, in a marble coffin.

John Adams was buried in a vault be

of rough-faced granite. John Quincy Adams lies in the same vault by the side of his father. In the church above, on either side of the putpit, are tablets of clouded marble, surmounted by a bust and inscribed with the familiar epitaphs of the only father

and son that ever held the highest office in the gift of the American people. Thomas Jefferson lies in a small, un pretentious private cemetery of 100 feet square, near Mouticello.

James Madison's remains rest in a beautiful spot on the old Madison es-tate, near Orange, Va. Plain round overskirts are draped very high on the hips with pleats, and James Monroe's body reposes in Hol

mond and the James river. Above the ody is a huge block of polished Virfour pillars supporting a peaked roof, to which something of the appearance of a

corner of the garden of the Hermitage, eleven miles from Nashville. The tomb is eighteen teet in diameter, surrounded by fluted columns and surmounted by an urn. The tomb is surrounded by mag-

near the figure in the next room was at an end. She had resolutely tried to keep her eyes turned away from the William Henry Harrison was buried

John Tyler's body rests within ten yards of that of James Monroe in Hollyimage had stirred. In the twilight the silent rooms and all they contained ed by no monument, but it is surrounded by magnolias and flowers. James K. Polk lies in the private gar

> monument, with Doric columns. Zachary Taylor was buried in Cave distinguished services. Millard Fillmore's remains lie in the

> beautiful Forest Lawn cemetery of Buf-Woodward Hill cemetery at Lancaster,

Andrew Johnson's grave is on a conic shaped eminence, half a mile from ly French handkerchiefs is one of sheer-Greenville, Tenn. The monument is of marble, beautifully ornamented. The body of James A. Garfield has

been placed in a tomb in Cleveland.

FRUIT SCARCE.

Drouth and hot weather have injured most crops, but perhaps none more than fruit. The abundance and excellence of almost all kinds of domestic fruit in our markets a year ago make the searci-ty and inferiority of everything but grapes the more perceptible this The apple crop of 1880 was probably the greatest and the best the country ever produced, while the apples of 1831 are dry and comparative tasteless, as

well as deficient in quantity. The best apples will probably sell at 85 a barrel by Christmas. Peaches, too, have been much inferior this year to those of 1880, both in quantity and in quality. Most of the small fruits were padly affected by the drouth, with the exception of the strawberries, which were unusually delicious and abundant this year. Almost the only fruit that is absolutely reliable is the grape. In spite of the drouth and heat, grapes are so abundant that tons of excellent Concords have been sold at three cents a pound in this city, and the quality of the grape crop is generally good. The reliable-ners as well as the wholesomeness of the grape is such that even more attention hould be given to grape culture than that industry has received during the last ten years. The failure of fruit is not such as to rob our tables of their most wholesome dessert, but failure is not too strong a word for use in characterizing the fruit crop of 1881 as compared with that of 1880.- New York

SLOW JUSTIFICATION. The first man who conceived the idea of using steam for moving carriages on land was Solomon de Cate, a Frenchman, who in the year 1641, was sent to a madhouse for persisting in his idea. An old letter of that date describes a visit paid to the Bicetre at Paris, which was the most celebrated madhouse of the day, by the Marquis of Worcester. Among the inmates it mentions was one who alarmed the visitors by screaming from behind the bars of his cell in a hoarse voice, "I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery which would enrich any country that adopted it." "What discovery?" asked our guide. "Oh!" said the keeper. "something trifling; you would never guess it; it is the use of steam, of boiling water." To listen to this lunatic, you would think that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages, indeed, there is no end to the wonders he would have us believe. He has even written a book about it!" This book was pubished in Paris in 1615, and was called Les Raisons des Forces Mouvantes avec diverses machines tants utiles que puissants. The "reason in his madss" was never discovered; it took nearly two centuries to justify him.

OLD LOCOMOTIVES. Four locomotives of the New York

178, that have been in use on the read some twenty-five years, till they have become what is technically called "dead engines," were recently sold at a good figure, in Mexico, considering their real value, and will no doubt yet do good shapes are very graceful and becoming service in carrying burdens for the Mexicans and relieving many of them of black velvet with the crowns entirely The Italian government has ordered the trials and troubles of this transitory covered with grebe feathers or rayens'

FASHION NOTES

Golden brown and dull red are the favored autumn colors. Greeian bordered handkerchiefs in

olors of Indian red and dark clive green are atylish. Tournares are coming back with a vengeance, the protuberance beginning not at the waist, but a considerable dis-

tance below it. Flexible cloth, a species of stockinet, has recently been introduced, and will in the full be extensively used for corsames of dremes.

Short transparent veils are worn which just reach the none when adjusted. They are embroidered with bends of steel, jet or gold.

allowed to hoop or carve very low and stender behind. New fichus are very claborately made, with box-pleated ruches and a full of rich lace around the edges, and shaped

and tied in the directoire style. Almond color and seal brown will be very popular combination in hand-some dianer dresses of brocade, satis sublime or French cashmere, trimmed

with plush or velvet. Shepherd's plaid dresses of soft allwool fabries in black and white, blue and gold, ruby and cream color, or gray is done to inculcate that which conduces and brown, will be one of the materials so materially to happiness and enjoymer excellence for ordinary street cosment in life. Take the public schools for nmon this fall.

Very effective collarets are made on a large round foundation of net, covered with two fully gathered rows of aurillac lace, and an upper plainer row attached to a standing collar which is concealed, but which gives shape to the whole affair. Black gree grain silks begin to ap-pear once again, combined with black watered silk or meire and satin striped

fabrics. They have, however, never gone out of style with a certain class of the most fashionable ladies, who prefer quiet colors, and plain, elegant toilets. Tailors are still making cloth jackets for ladies. The most stylish are of fine plair dark cloth. The more eccentric have a turned-up military collar, em-broidered in gold, and facings embroidered in the same style, as well as the rounded pockets. The buttons are of

gilt metal. Gimps of solid silk closely resembling the longest journey has no tedium, for the richest embroidery will be among trees, and sky, and earth alike are full of the most elegant of fall dress trimmings, interest. And children are so intelli-With these gimps come heavy cords and elaborate pieces for especial purposes, their minds can be so easily stored with shaped to fit the collar, cuff, plastron, invaluable information if only once they rever of panel. Crochet and silk buttons are really awakened, that it seems a fawill be greatly in use.

the antique style of dress are modeling are to be found illustrations of the their confures after the beautiful head studies which culled from books are of Psyche, waving the hair lower over wearisome alike to head and heart, but Among other new specimens in cost-

Venetian design, in which the owner's dainty and expensive mouchoirs are im-

lace medallions in each corner.

ported from Paris, where they are much A new lace for trimming bonnets is colored guipure in which a great deal of fine chenille thread is introduced, ted to fight against ills, that An odd Parisian fancy is for a miniature wonder is that they reach maturity chanticleer made of the blue green or with any energy at all. Most people red impion feathers on the body, with eat too much, it is true, and everybody the searlet ibis for the comb, and some frets too much, that is certain. Still real cock's plumes for the tail. This is both stuffing and fretting are active and offered for a side ornament for bonnets call into exercise certain organs of body

Paris as turtles, lizards and beetles were is the apathetic, limp want of resistance formerly.

The Kitty Bell is a modification of the old-fashioned Pamela; it is trimmed children die from exposure, but it with a wreath of flowers and fastened question whether as large a proportion with an enormous bow of satin or Surah under the chin. Among the new styles the following models are described: A resisting power, and they might as well dressy poke bonnet of cream-colored straw is lined with bottle-green velvet. The trimming consists of two pheasant aim is to be utterly utter and who are wings posed on the right side of the as little fitted to play their parts in an hat. On the left is a cluster of crimson carnest life as automata. The applicaflowers veiled with Spanish lace. The tion of a moral flesh brush might do them broad strings of Surah show a mixture good, but they do not know enough to of crimson cream color and dark green. use it .- N. Y. Mail.

The fashionable bonnets and hats for fall wear are all taken from Euglish models, and French pattern hats, which have been so much in demand in the United States for several years past, are entirely out of vogue. The poreupine and rough and ready straws, so popular during the summer season, are super-seded by large hats and bonnets of manilla straw which are made more dec orative with gold, silver and steel bead work, some of the crowns being entire ly covered by elaborate patterns of bead embroidery. The "La Republique" an atrocious looking scoop bonnet. A gilt saber adorns one side of the crovo. and the head of a stern-visaged eagle peers from a cloud of black lace on the

other. Another style is a large round hat of olive green felt, raised in front and on the sides, and turned down in the back. The inside of the brim is lined with fur; a string of large beads powdered with gold and steel dust is twisted around the crown. On one side is a by embroidered stockings. We follow cluster of plumes nodding and waving in the air; on the other side is a cluster of rose buds half hidden by a large bow of olive-green Surah. Other hats are in Bolere or Bearnesa shape, with silk pompons, and some in the toque shape. A dressy hat for the theater is of white beaver or felt, with large rolling brim, lined with pink Surah, the crown being encircled by a pink, crimson and white plume fastened by a bow of satin of the various shadings of the feath-

Large gipsy hats are trimmed with wreaths of berries, fruit and delicate blessoms, and tied down with long scarfs of black Spanish lace, which are wound gracefully about the throat and then carried down to the belt, where they are fastened with berries or blossoms to match the crown trimming. bonnets are a recognized necessity, and are trimmed with lace, flowers and iet. Turbans are to be worn, and the new breasts. Then there are the turbans

composed wholly of feathers ornament ed on one side with wings of owls, of colors to match the costume. For dressy toilets the manilla bonnet, or white Spanish lace, dropping over the forehead a little, is the most fashionable. It is trimmed with a cluster of feathers, or flowers; not the full bloom roses that have been worn during the summer, but buds partially concealed by Isavea and moss.

LOVE OF NATURE.

An eminent saturalist owed the pre-servation of both life and reason to his love of nature. Heart-sick, wearied and worn out in brain and heart alike, he determined to end an existence which seemed to him too full of mixery for endurance and too useless to be worth having, as he failed to provide for his family. Taking his way to the sea-shore he decided to die there where his death might be attributable to natural causes Throwing off his hat, coat and waist coat, he prepared to rush into the waves, when a flock of sanderlings lighted upon the sands near him. They attract ed his attention. They were running to and fre, some piping their low whistle, while others were probing the wet sand with their bills as the waves receded. But among them was another hird, larger and darker, and apparently of different habits from the others. Desire to know something of this bird arrest-ed him; he approached the sanderlings; they arose and flew away. He followed. They alighted again, and again his in-terest led him to observe them. Away they went, he after them. At length he was stopped by the breakunter. In-tently watching the birds he had forgot-ten all his miseries. His intense love of nature had saved him, and he found himself mechanically turning to look for the clothes of which in his suicidal hurry he had divested himself. The de-sire for death left him. His mind was full of the strange bird—what could it he? Relating the circumstance after wards, he called the guest of his sand crings his Providence.

The love of nature has saved many an overwrought mind. It seems very strange that in an enlightened age, in the most advanced country in the world, so little example, where teaching ought to be reduced to a science, and consider how little is done to teach children to enjoy nature—the greatest of all educator In German and Swiss schools the pupils go on expeditions with intelligent mas-ters, who point out to them the striking objects to be met with in the country, and so the city children grow in apprecia-tion of that which is denied them in their homes. How much might be done in this direction here! Short excur-sions within the limits of the island, or shorter ones still across the river to the Jersey shore, would afford opportuni ties for practical lessons in geology, in

botany, and in natural history which would be priceless. There is a very old fashioned book called, Eyes and No Eyes, with which most parents are familiar, which deals with the question of making children "observe." To those who eyes are opened (alas, how few they are) every walk is full of interest, the very stones cry out; gent, can so readily be made observant, will be greatly in use.

Many fashionable ladies who adopt learning all the time, when on every side

Abernethy, the great Scotch surgeon est linen lawn, which has a three-inch whose rough manners were the scandal of his profession, used to say that there hem with a band of duchess lace insertion inside the hem, and tinted point were two great killing powers in the Other world-Stuff and Fret-he might have styles show the bem bordered with a costly lace ruftle, and in one corner is a many people die from sheer want of sufficient energy and will power to keep them alive. What would kill such peoautograph is to be worked. These ple, will serve only as an impetus to renewed struggle with others. A great deal might be accomplished in the stnggle with disease and death if only a ittle common sense were the ordinary and hats, and is said to be as popular in and mind if only to imitate them, but it that is the worst evil modern science has to contend with. Hundreds of poor of the little ones cradled in luxury do not die from simple want of vitality or do so as grow up with the listless, halfdead members of society whose highest

WOMEN'S FANCIES. "Embroiderers for shoes wanted," was the advertisement which led an inquirer up a long flight of stairs in a tall building, through the room that was filled with shoes to an office, where sat a benevolent faced gentleman, who said: "Shoes are now embroidered for ladies We have orders for a line of cloth-top shoes embroidered in chenille, and for low shoes embroidered at the instep. The embroidered stockings have become so popular that now embroidery is wanted on the shoes too. We have an artist who makes the patterns, and we expeet to turn out some charming bits of art embroidery in shoes for next summer's wear. We had an order recently for embroidered white slippers for a bride to match a pair of white silk stockings with Chantilly lace let in broid-

ered with floss silk, the design being pale-blue for get-me-nots and pink roses. "Clock stockings are now superseded the fashion in stockings, and shoes and stockings wil next year be sold to Open work is getting popular. Black silk stockings are made with a plain stripe, and there are open work strips with white feet which through open work in the shees. There are now twelve hundred new designs in silk stockings, and we have to make shoes to suit the most popular styles. We make the tops of cloth or leather to match the color of the stocking, and then we embroider the top to match the stocking embroidery, so that at a plance the lady seems to have on Newport slippers with embroidered stocking. will add about \$2 a pair to shoes to embroider them, but we can make them to cost \$50 a pair. Some of our up-town dames don't seem to mind what it costs to beautify their feet .- N. Y. Paper.

American women are now credited with possessing a delicate instinct in regard to choice of colors and arrangement of draperies, that bitherto has been only the characteristic of French